THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III. MEREDITH, N. H., MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1882. NO. 57

Meredith Eagle.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY MORNING BY

M. H. CALVERT,

Editor and Manager.

OFFICE AT WAUKEWAN HOUSE

C. H. KIMBALL,

Publisher.

P. O. Address, Plymouth, N. H.

MRS. J. H. LADD,

Dress and Cloakmaker,

124 Main, opp, Mill Street,

LACONIA, N. H. c

TEBBETT'S

Photograph Rooms.

New and varied back ground scenery.

The best work at reasonable figures.

Copying and enlarging a specialty.

67 MAIN ST., [c] LACONIA, N. H.

J. HENRY STORY & CO.,

DEALER IN

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, and in fact every thing usually found at a first-class apothecary store.

99 MAIN ST., [c] LACONIA, N. H

F. P. STEWART,

(Late J. S. Howe.)

Livery Stable,

Cor. Water and Pleasant Street,

LACONIA, N. H. c

J. F. DURHAM,

Auction & Commission Merchant.

Second-hand Furniture a specialty, for which I pay cash, or take in exchange for goods or work. The Celebrated

Harwood Chair Seating. c

LACONIA, N. H.

M. M. ROBINSON,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods. Repairing a Specialty.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H. c

J. U. FARNHAM,

MABLE WORKER

And Dealer in

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES, MANTLES MARBLE SHELVES, &c.

OPP. TOWN HALL, - PLYMOUTH, N. H.

c

Millinery.

Having completed our purchases from the latest importations in the New York Market, we can now supply as cheap as any establishment everything in the line of

Flowers, Hats, Bonnets and Ribbons

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Good Assortment of Hair Goods.

All new and well selected.

Mrs. S. F. EVERETT,

aug5ly. LACONIA, N. H.

— USE —

Soluble Pacific Guano

A FIRST RATE FERTILIZER.

For Corn, Potatoes, Wheat, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Vegetables and Flowers, and an excellent top dressing for Grass land. Please try it, and satisfy yourselves.

For Sale by

DANIEL NORRIS, AGENT.

April 27, 1882. 3me

Special Bargains

— IN —

STOVES, RANGES,

FURNACES,

Tin, Glass, Britannia, Wooden and Hollow Wares, Table Cutlery, And

Kitchen Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing a Specialty. Sole Agents for the Celebrated

"NEW HUB"

Stoves and Ranges,

The best in the World.

J. A. MITCHELL,

111 Main St.

etf LACONIA, N. H.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED In 10 to 20 DAYS.

THOUSANDS of references from persons cured. No pay until Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

F. B. Pease has been here.

D. L. Alexander is remodeling his house.

Mrs. Sally Tilton, 80 years old, is very ill.

John Smith, Jr., of Boston has been here.

T. B. Nichols' restaurant has been remodeled inside.

Grading has been done around J. D. Bartlett's house.

Mrs. Sally Glidden is dead at the age of over 90 years.

A pressing demand causes Wadleigh's mill to run nights.

Mrs. Cram's school has been closed on account of her illness.

Recent railroad meetings have been well represented from here.

New catalogues have been printed for the Baptist Sunday school.

Lake Waukewan lately rose six inches in consequence of the rain.

Daniel Bean lately fell from a wagon and was considerably injured.

Fred Blake was badly hurt recently while working for D. A. Vittum.

Edward Paine caught a large owl in his hands and shot another lately.

Dr. Sanborn has lately added a black walnut drug cabinet to his office.

Mrs. Mary McDonald nearly broke her wrist in the mill the other day.

John Neal mourns the loss of some sheep and lambs by reason of dogs.

The "Welcome" soap team, trained dogs included, was here the other day.

Ezra and Solomon Lovejoy are building a small steamer about 25 feet long.

Mr. Kidder has had a sore hand and Capt. Bickford assisted him in his store.

The Democratic flag was blown in the trees and badly torn Decoration Day.

The public library patronage is increasing. The catalogues will soon be out.

There is said to be a robin near John Dearborn's that can imitate a whipporwill.

One of F. F. Brown's teams was overturned and somewhat damaged the other night.

Cox's team carried Mr. and Mrs Roberts' boarders to and from Laconia the other night.

The Twist drill shop was recently closed a short time on account of the gate being broken.

A little son of Anthony Consedine was run over by the Meredith Centre mail carrier Decoration Day.

The Gracie recently broke a blade of her propeller by striking a part of the "Little Giant" dredgor at the Weirs.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Webster return thanks for valuable presents on the 20th anniversary of their marriage.

"The Turn of the Tide" and "Hans, the Dutch J. P.," will be given at the Town Hall, Thursday evening.

C. S. Bickford's horse was frightened by the drumming Decoration Day near Mansfield's store and broke a shaft.

Mrs. Anna Pratt of Boston, Miss Hattie Smith of Somerville, Mrs. Henry Maguire of Lowell, and Mrs. Frank P. Clough of Lynn, were in town the other day.

When the tariff was revised, knit woolen goods were accidentally given free admission to this country and unless it is remedied that important industry is liable to be ruined, which would cause much suffering here and in our immediate vicinity.

The G. A. R., with drum corps, received the Ashland band at a little past 8 o'clock Decoration Day at the station and escorted them to the Town Hall where the fire department and distinguished participants joined them and all marched to the cemetery. There was music by the band, prayer by Rev. James Graham, scripture readings, a song by the Post and decoration of the graves. A street parade and collation in the Town Hall followed. The band returned to Ashland on the noon train accompanied to the depot by the Post and drum corps. Rev. E. A. Wilkins of Fisherville gave the oration in the afternoon and the entertainment at the Town Hall in the evening, was a pleasant affair, as Prof. Chapman gave a few selections and the refreshments were excellent.

NOTICE.

AN OPPORTUNITY for satisfactory and profitable employment suitable for almost any person, is offered by an enterprising firm who have just issued a low priced, useful work for everybody, which they call the "Pocket Manual." Dr. Tiffany says "It is an admirable work, constantly needed." The N. Y. Independent says "A sort of cyclopædia in the vest pocket." The Phila. Ledger says "It is surprising how much important matter has been stowed away in this convenient form." Our State Librarian says "I should think every one would want a copy."—Scores of others endorse in equally emphatic terms, and all seem to agree with The National Journal of Education, which says "It is one of the most useful and convenient books ever published, in every respect a model, and the pith of many volumes" Town, City, County agents are Wanted. Complete Sample with Terms, &c. for $1.25, or particulars for stamp, by applying to D. L. GUERNSEY, 61 Cornhill, Boston, or Concord, N. H. We judge there is a good chance for some one to handle this work in this jesa tf

ASHLAND.

J. S. Wadleigh has tomato plants for sale.

Geo. Andrews has moved into Alvin Nichols' house.

Dr. Geo. Harriman, of Boston, has been in town this week.

Miss Francella Cate has been visting friends in town this week.

There was a good attendance at the ball; 60 couples in the grand march. A success in every respect.

In the Decoration Day game of base ball, the Ashlands got away with the Lacon s, 25 to 17. Burt Burleigh, of Laconia, umpire.

RUNS—ASHLANDS.

C. Huckins, r. f., 0; O. Merchant, l. f., 2; L. Smythe, s. s., 3; D. O'Connell, c., 3; J. Boinn, 2 b., 3; E. Merchant, p., 4; H. Fuverly, 1. b., 4; S. McCarty, 3. b., 4; C. Clark, c. f., 3;

Total.....25.

RUNS—LACONIAS.

J. Crisly, c., 0; B. Martin, 2. b., 0; D. Nutting, l. f., 1; J. Sanborn, p., 1; M. Coffin, s. s., 3; B. Wadleigh, 3. b., 5; O. Lewis, c. f., 2; T. O'Shea, 1. b., 4; W. Moulton, r. f., 1;

Total.....17.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Ashlands,	0	3	8	7	0	2	1	4	6
Laconias,	1	0	1	4	4	3	2	1	1

DECORATION DAY.

Never was the Grand Army of the Republic more fortunate in having beautiful weather for decoration than the 30th of May, this year. Everything seemed to harmonize with the occasion. It was fortunate for the G. A. R. that a fine rain fell a day previous, for it had the effect to lay the dust and to cause Nature to put on her new carpet of green and when the morn was ushered in, nothing but beauty met the eye. It seemed as if Nature had taken part and was with the Boys in Blue in their glorious and beautiful service of decoration. Business of the day was in a great measure at rest; and on the street could be seen the various tradesmen and craftsmen, taking a brief respite from their daily toil in order to get a few breaths of fresh air and to do homage to the honored dead. O. W. Keyes post, observed the day in their usual manner.

The services were well carried out an every particular and it was pronounced to be the most complete and satisfactory that has ever taken place here. By the way the Ashland Brass band must not be forgot ten for they did themselves great credit. In the forenoon they went to Meredith and played for the G. A. R. boys there and gave great satisfaction; of which our town people are glad to hear. In the afternoon they came home and played for the post here to the great acceptance of all who heard them.

The oration was deliyered by Asa W. Bartlett, Esq., of Pittsfield, and the way he handled his subject proves that he was sincere in his belief that there is nothing too good for the soldier. He was listened to with close attention by the large audience present, who gave it as their opinion that he spoke well and fully did justice to his subject. The Post in their forms of ceremony adopted some new and interesting methods of conducting it, which were appreciated by the audience. The Post have no reason to be ashamed ot themselves under any circumstances and when they took their positions on the platform they presented their appeal to the whole town in their behalf and rightly too.

The services at the cemetery were of an unusually imposing character. The memorial mound bedecked with flowers, the American flag at half mast, were all suggestive of past events that on such times as Decoration Day, come vividly to the mind. Rev. Mr. Davis of New Hampton, at present supplying the pulpit of the F. W. Baptist church, officiated as chaplain of the Post to the great satisfaction of all concerned, he being a comrade. At the cemetery he read one of Long fellow's beautiful poems; the sentiment was felt by every member of the Post, as well as by the audience.

Mr. H. C. Dearborn had the service of song under his direction and a quartette also, who rendered their music in fine style. The services of the day were fully carried out under the direction of Post Commander E. P. Warner. Credit is due to him for the manner in which everything was carried forward so successfully.

The citizens generally showed their respect for the day in throwing to the breeze the merican flag draped and at half mast. The two campaign flags were draped in mourning for the honored and illustrious dead.

The Post took a new departure this year by having memorial services at the F. W. Baptist church on Sunday previous to Decoration Day, which were of great interest to all present. Rev. Mr. Davis delivered the memorial sermon which was a noble effort, and was well received. Take the exercises altogether, they were well managed and successfully carried through.

A Great Blessing to Mothers and Nurses.

"Swayne's Teething Cure" for Infants. This new theory and infallible remedy has saved the lives of thousands of children. When the child is in pain, or restless, its teeth shooting in gums, simply rub the gums for two or three minutes with the "Cure." What little it may swallow will relieve Collic, pain and flatulence, prevent fever, and avoid that painful operation of lancing the gums, which always makes the next tooth harder to come through and sometimes causes convulsions. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and immediate relief and health to your infants. A very able medical writer, who enjoys a large and lucrative practice, says: "rubbing the gums with a soothing lotion, is the only true method for children teething, poisonous drugs should never be introduced into the delicate stomachs." "Swayne's Teething Cure" is prepared only by Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, and sold by all leading Apothecaries at 25 cents a bottle. jesa-jan25-1y

PLYMOUTH.

Another scissor grinder has been here.

W. G. Hull and Will Chase have been here lately.

Dr. Jackson and wife of Lowell were here the other day.

Dr. H. M. French of Concord was here the first of the week.

Prof. Warren's residence has lately undergone various interior changes.

A flag floated from the Pemigewasset House pole Monday and Tuesday.

The front of Alvin Burleigh's grounds is adorned with a new hedge.

C. H. Marden acted as clerk at the Pemigewasset House a portion of Monday.

The Falls and vicinity were visited by many strangers and others the first of the week.

The rivers were very high and discolored Monday in consequence of the heavy rains.

Hon. T. C. Bethune of Boston called on his many friends here railroad meeting day.

Mrs. Sellingham has been seriously ill with pneumonia and at last accounts was but little better.

John Whiteman has recently been engaged at the Fabyan House setting out shade trees about the grounds.

F. W. Getchell has closed up his picture framing establishment over A. G. Smyth's store and returned home to Wolfboro'.

John Young of Manchester, a young and skillful engineer, has lately been here preparatory to taking charge of the upper sections of the new railroad.

A. B. Sanborn, Concord, has just received another lot of those all wool indigo blue suits which he is selling at $8.00. Call and see them. Sold everywhere at $10.00. js

No shoddy in Boots and Shoes purchased at B. F. St. Clair & Co.'s. All goods warranted to prove as recommended.

The water wheel at the Falls which runs day and night, the latter time in connection with the tannery, has only been stopped twice in ten years.

During the months of June, July and August the stores will close at 7 o'clock, Tuesday and Friday nights, instead of 8 o'clock as heretofore.

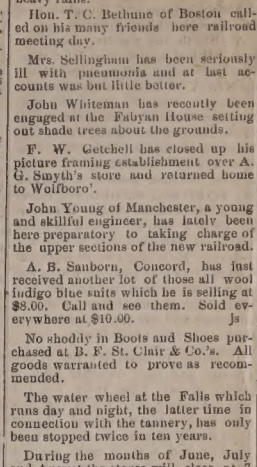
Dr. H. B. Fowler, surgeon of the old 12th N.H.regiment, made an excellent speech at the hall Decoration Day, mention of which was accidentally omitted in the report elsewhere.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all Nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. jesaly apr26

Various members of the Lancaster company on their return from N. Y. city, stopped over Thursday night and some attended the services at the Congregational church.

The Inconsistency Of Man.

Scheming, diverse, and manifold advertisements of worthless goods, will never attract profitable customers, only meritorious articles such as Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases, are recognized and sought after by the people. Real worth always receives its just merit. A man may profit for a while by imposing upon the public, but it is only a question of time when he will reach the end of his rope. Man has never dared to doubt the efficacy of this great vegetable Ointment. jesa tjulyl



FLAX-SEED "EMULSION" COMPOUND!

A SUPERIOR COMBINATION OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES WITH THE FAT-PRODUCING PROPERTIES OF FLAX-SEED.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.

Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Co.

GENTLEMEN,—After a long and thorough trial in my own family of Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound, and observing its excellent effects wherever used for the diseases for which it is prepared, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a preparation in which you cannot place too much confidence. I have not only seen its wonderful effects in my own family but I have personally recommended it to many others and in every instance it has accomplished more than my most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. I am confident there are now thousands suffering with chronic and acute Rheumatism if they could obtain and use Flax Seed Emulsion Compound their unqualified support would be given to it. The effects produced by it in Nervous Prostration and in Paralysis are but little short of the marvelous, some of my own personal friends suffering from Paralysis having been restored by its use. Very Truly Yours,

SIDNEY BROWN.

Vice President of the Ogd. National Bank.

SWANTON, IOWA, August 30th, 1881.

Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Man'f Co

GENTLEMEN,—Six weeks ago I came to this place from Brookfield, Vermont, to see and care for a sister who had been suffering for more than a year with nervous prostration, entirely unfitting her for household cares or work, and for the past six months has not been able to care for herself, and at times could not collect her thoughts enough to tell what she wants to own.

When I saw what a condition she was in I hadn't any heart to do anything for her. I thought she must die soon. Before starting from Vermont I obtained through the kindness of a friend at Williamstown one bottle of your Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound. We at once commenced taking the Emulsion soon after my arrival, and I am happy to say her symptoms are very much more favorable. The past week she has given directions to her kitchen maid about her work, and has wiped dishes for her, things she has not done for six months before. The doctors here have not done her any good at all. Yours respectfully

MARY A. FISK.

In her letter dated Dec. 13, 1881, she says: I have taken pains to recommend your medicine as far as I could, but my sister is a living walking recommend. People are calling to acknowledge that F. S. E. Compound has done wonders for her.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1882.

GENTLEMEN:

During last summer my system became very much debilitated and run down and I was advised to take a trip west. While there I became affected with Malaria, which still further reduced me, and while in this low condition one of my lungs became involved, and alarming symptoms rapidly developed themselves. On my return from the west, I was in so weak a state that I was for four (4) weeks confined to my room, and bed. In this condition I commenced taking the Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound and at once all the alarming symptoms began to rapidly disappear, and while taking ten(10) bottles of it, I gained (27) pounds in flesh, and my health and strength seem now to be better established than ever before, and I cheerfully recommend it to the weak and debilitated.

Yours truly HENRY I. PROCTOR.

☞ *Ask for and use the Imperial Kidney Cure & Liver Regulator. Agents wanted.*

Agents, Fowler & Wyatt, Plymouth, N. H.

Swayne's Ointment
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SUCH AS TETTERS, PIMPLES, SORES, BLOTCHES, RASH, ERYSIPELAS, RINGWORM, BARBERS' ITCH, REDNESS OF NOSE, AND FACE, BURNS, CUTS AND SCALDS.
HUMOR
OF THE SKIN CAN RESIST THE SOOTHING AND HEALING POWER OF SWAYNES' OINTMENT.
ON ACCOUNT OF ALLAYING THE INTENSE ITCHING AND INDUCING SWEET REPOSE, IT IS KNOWN BY MANY AS "THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES."
DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE QUAKER CITY. MAY 18.

Grand Depot. — Good Things and Grand Things which the Spring Time Brings.

The "opening" is an institution essentially American and peculiarly Philadelphian. The Spring carnival in this city suggests a versatility of enterprise unparalleled. A walk through Wanamaker's, with its limitless resources and territorial display, recalls an old time tribute concerning the Homeric inspiration which could build and unbuild cities with a song, strangely appropriate to the mercantile mystery in contemplation.

In less than a score of years, behold a superstructure, inwrought and impermeated with the enterprise of half a century.

For the benefit of those who are willing to concede all things to the genius of a gentleman who concedes all things to the great public, a few facts and figures concerning the locale of this vast superstructure may not come amiss.

The first or ground floor, covering an area of several acres, is divided into circular sections radiating from the centre. Each section or segment is subdivided into departments, alphabetically arranged, each under the management of a competent head, so that a key to one unlocks the intricacies of their system of arranging a stock, which for quality, quantity and diversity, covers the ground of every possible requirement. There are hats after latest Parision models sufficient to turn the heads of whole communities! to say naught of gloves, notions, hosiery, laces and lingerie ensuite. There are children's garments for all sizes, and men's apparelling which, in point of style and finish, set the modes of Brummel at defiance. Here, too, are found the jewels of crystal, seyres, and majolica, like unto those which adorn the beautiful tables of hospitable denizens, and all the paraphernalia incident to comfort, luxury and repose in the hospitable homes for which the Quaker City is famed.

The method of delivering goods is a feature here. One can go from post to pillar, purchasing, and back again, and find selected articles bearing her address at the parcel desk to be paid for in bulk or charged, as the case may be. The electric system of returning change, too, is an elimination of enterprise consecrated to the service of this house. A check is given for parcels deposited, hence, assured of their safety, one may look at the styles, read the papers, lunch, refresh and enjoy themselves in a free, unburdened fashion peculiar to the habitues of this exceptional establishment, where comfort and convenience are synonymous of style and taste.

PURCHASE PER POST.

So much for the buyers who throng the grand depot at all seasons! Yet those who cannot visit the city will find the mail order department of this great house a benefaction beyond price. A hundred hands are constantly employed in filling orders from all sections. The letters, numbering over one thousand per day, are catalogued and classified, the goods selected, and shipped, if possible, on the same day. If articles are made to measure, it takes longer: for if samples are to be matched at other stores, or goods purchased which are not in stock, the utmost care and promptness are exercised by the buyer, who makes reports each day, thus clearing off the orders with despatch, after which each letter is booked and filed away for reference.

Thus mistakes are akin to impossible. No charge is made for filling orders, yet should any purchase prove unsatisfactory, the goods will be exchanged or the money refunded.

Could anything be fairer, or provision for convenience more complete? Without incurring the cost of a journey, or the wear and tear of patience and shoe leather, a lady may sit in her border home and select from catalogue and price list(sent on receipt of name and address) articles of every kind; garments of every conceivable cut and finish, at a very slight advance upon the original material cost.

Thus run the circles of trade in the Quaker City, which boasts the greatest number of private dwellings, the largest and handsomest public edifices of any city in America. Truly this is an age of progress, in which benefits ensured to the favored denizens of the great centers of trade, accrue to the country at large. C. B. C.

Cephaline, taken cold, is unequalled Tonic for Spring. j-14

MEREDITH.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn will preach at Town hall tomorrow at 2.30 P. M.

Delay is dangerous. The sands die yearly from heart disease in its various forms. As a certain relief for this most dreaded of diseases, we offer you Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. You can obtain a pamphlet free, treating on symptoms of heart disease, of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. For sale by all druggists. jesa-1m-may16

DIED.

In Plymouth, May 23., Hilal, infant daughter of Charles and Rosa Grey, aged 7 weeks.

Parker's Hair Balsam

Satisfies the most fastidious as a perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing. Admired for its cleanliness and elegant perfume. Never Fails to Restore Grey or Faded Hair to the youthful color. 50 cts. and $1 sizes at all druggists.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such perfect and effective powers, as to make the Greatest Blood Purifier & the

Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the Tonic to-day. It will surely help you. Remember! it is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it builds up the system without intoxicating. 50c. and $1 sizes, at all dealers in drugs. None genuine without signature of Hiscox & Co., N.Y. Send for circular LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

WEST RUMNEY.

Rev. E. Hewit will preach tomorrow at 5 P. M.

Why We Have So Few Good Riders.

It has frequently been the subject of remark as to the scarcity of good jockeys. To be sure we have some excellent riders,—Barrett, Evans, Hughes, Barbee, Fenken, and probably half a dozen others, but not more. The secret is explained in the fact that unless a jockey takes great care of himself, constant exercise in the saddle will superinduce piles of the most aggravating character that itch intensely, particularly after getting warm in bed, and thus render him unfit for service on the track. However, if Swayne's Ointment were used, the worst case of itching piles would be speedily cured. jesa-tjuly1

SOMETHING NEW.

LITERATURE AND BUSINESS.

The revolution in recent methods of doing buisness is a characteristic of modern enterprise, worthy to chronicle. The press, that potent agent of human intelligence has become a powerful lever of the industries to which all things are pleasantly and profitably allied. To entertain and instruct a purchaser while ministering to their material requirements, is a master stroke of policy on the part of certain merchants of prominence. A casual perusal of the quarterly, published by Strawbridge & Clothiers of Philadelphia, affords a striking illustration of the great success of the system of bringing far-lying states and territories, within the arena of home trade.

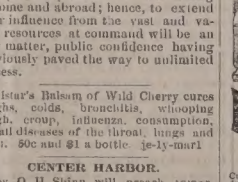
The Spring number of this practical periodical contains over one hundred pages of readable and instructive data, embellished with fitting and appropriate illustrations; the tone of the publication is suggestive of help in the complicated matters of dress, domestic art and household management.

The contributions are of a character which cannot fail to prove of practical benefit in a double sense. They amuse and instruct the reader upon the fine points of domestic economy, while furnishing facts and figures relating to the vast and varied stocks, as are not obtainable by a casual tour of the great store, which covers an entire block, and embraces at least a hundred lines of goods of every character and quality, at figures which bring their superb confections within the reach of all. Electrotypes of the many novel and beautiful articles comprehended in the Spring display grace the pages of this indispensable guide to buyers with the prices marked in plain figures. It is an easy matter to manipulate an order from the data furnished, with a view to facilitating the business of purchasing by proxy, above alluded to. Goods are sent promptly and safely by post or express, to all parts of the country. The firm have attained a widespread reputation for fair dealing at home and abroad; hence, to extend their influence from the vast and varied resources at command will be an easy matter, public confidence having previously paved the way to unlimited success.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumption, and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle je-ly-mar1

CENTER HARBOR.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn will preach tomorrow at 5 P. M.



WILL CERTAINLY CURE

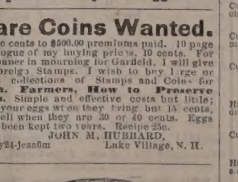
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

Rare Coins Wanted.

Five cents to $500.00 premiums paid. 10 page Catalogue of my buying prices, 10 cents. For any paper in mourning for Garfield, I will give 50 Foreign Stamps. I wish to buy large or small collections of Stamps and Coins for **Cash. Farmers, How to Preserve Eggs.** Simple and effective costs but 25 cts; keep your eggs when they bring but 15 cents, and sell when they are 30 or 40 cents. Eggs have been kept two years. Receipt 25c.

JOHN M. HUBBARD,

my24-jeasdm Lake Village, N. H.



Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Drowsy Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low State of the System.

WHITTEMORE & REED,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

No efforts spared tosecure and maintain

The Choicest Stock in the City.

We keep as Fine a Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries as any house north of Boston.

Hotel Proprietors and Boarding House Keepers will find it worth while to call and see us.

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Science—Experimental and Otherwise.

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Special poisons are secreted by the toad, salamander, newt, etc. M. Paul Bert has collected a liquid from the glands on the neck of the frog, which caused the death, with convulsions, of a sparrow to which the substance had been administered.

A good cement for glass is gelatine or glue treated with bi-chromate of potassium. The mixture must be made in the dark. The pieces are pressed together for some time and then exposed to the sun. The cemented glass will not be effected by warm water.

The latest invention reported by a Japanese journal is that of Otsuka Monakichi, who, after extensive experiments, is said to have succeeded in making rifles of silk. They are described "as rigid as iron guns, while they are easy of carriage and have a very long range."

The *Journal of Science* makes the statement that no beautiful or useful organic species, animal or vegetable, becomes naturalized in any country without human intervention, while the ugly and the noisome contrive to extend their range in spite of man's efforts to the contrary.

Claus Spreckles of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, was laughed at a few years ago when he purchased 10,000 acres of land situated at the foot of a volcano, at 10 cents an acre. He broke up the lava dust and mixed it with vegetable mold, irrigated and planted sugar cane, and now Spreckles is a millionaire.

The best way to keep ice in hot weather is to wrap it in a piece of dry flannel or carpet and place it on two sticks at the top of a basin or water jug. The main point is to keep it out of the water, which accelerates the melting. The practice of wetting the flannel is almost as bad as leaving the ice in the water.

In coppering cast-iron M. Well uses a bath of copper sulphate rendered strongly alkaline with an organic acid added to prevent the precipitation of copper oxide. To effect the same object MM. Mignon and Ronati employ a distinctly acid solution of a double salt of copper and any alkali with an organic acid.

M. G. Delaunay has been studying the influences exercised by the greater or less intensity of the nutritive phenomena in cases of poisoning by strychnine. Equal doses of strychnine were given to two frogs, one of which had been kept active for a half hour previously. The poison took effect more quickly and more actively upon this one than upon the one that had been quiet. In another experiment the poison operated more slowly and more lightly upon a frog that had been bled than upon the other one, which had not been hurt. When one of the frogs was bled after taking the poison it exhibited a tendency to return to the normal condition in a measure as it lost blood.

The *Journal of Chemistry* thinks that if Latin is to be retained for the pharmacopœial nomenclature, it had better be grammatical Latin. Those who know the language should not be compelled to use a barbarous burlesque of its forms, in order to spare others the small effort necessary for mastering a few inflections and constructions. Let the changes in the nomenclature be in clearness, accuracy, precision and conformity to modern science—changes which are obviously for the better, but let "dog Latin" be left to those who have never learned, or, haply, have forgotten, the grammatical kind. The best of this prescription Latin is bad enough to a classical scholar, and to make it worse, deliberately systematically, would be intolerable.

The experiments instructed by M. Pictet to determine the density of liquid oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, have been followed up by Messrs. Cailletet and Hautefeuille, who have facilitated the processes by previously mixing the gases with carbonic acid and protoxide of nitrogen, whereby the liquefaction is made to take place more readily. The density of the liquids of the latter gases being known, it is easy to compute that of the substances under examination. The results of tests made at a very low temperature are favorable to the theory of the relations that have been suggested between hydrogen and magnesium, oxygen and sulphur, nitrogen and phosphorus; but, as the freezing-point of water is approached, discrepancies are manifested which grow more and more accentuated.

Effect of Heart on the Nerves.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the distinguished neurologist, in an article in *Our Continent* with the taking title, "How to Escape Nervousness," warns against overheated apartments. He says: An overheated apartment always enervate its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find a woman who swelters all day in such a temperature, and adds to it at night by superfluous bedclothing, cross and disagreeable from every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at sixty degrees and opened the windows every now and then.

James Fitzgerald, tried at Boston on a charge of fraudulently obtaining money from Charles Francis Adams, at the "banco" game, was found guilty. Sentence was deferred.

The Northern Lights.

An Astronomer's Views—He Thinks the Aurora Borealis is Caused in Some Manner by the Spots on the Sun.

"I am sure I don't know," said Professor Sharpless, of Harvard college, the well-known astronomer, last evening to a *Press* reporter when asked the cause of the northern lights, that have recently appeared in such splendor. "Like a rain-storm, they come without apparent cause. It has been noticed, however, that they are more likely to occur in winter than in summer. We know that they are the result of some disturbance among the electric currents in the regions above the earth's atmosphere, but now we come to a subject about which little is known. The earth's atmosphere extends up about one hundred miles, but it not known what substance exists above that. I call it substance, for it is some form of matter. These phenomena take place at a height of 500 or 600 miles above the earth, as has been determined by observations of the same streams of light by different persons at different stations and mathematical calculations. The spectroscope seems to show the presence at this height of a substance new to science, and something that is not known to our atmosphere, but nothing more than that. There are theories, of course, as to what this unknown substance is, but they are not well established, and a good chance is open for some one to distinguish himself by a grand discovery. Just at present the spectroscope is the only means of finding out the matter, and as it has not succeeded, no new discovery is likely to be made immediately.

The Cause of Auroras.

"The theory which is now generally held by men of science as to the real cause of these auroras is that they are in some way connected with the sun spots. When there are the most spots there are the most auroras. There are more than the usual number of spots on the sun just now, and, on the morning after the brilliant display of Sunday night, I examined the sun and noticed over a dozen on its surface. The proof of this connection between the two occurences is that the maximum number of sun spots and the aurora displays come at the same time. The periods when these maximum numbers of sun spots occur are about eleven years apart, and at the time of their occurrence in 1859 and 1870 it was noticeable that the northern lights were unusually bright. I never saw such a brilliant sight as that of Sunday night, however. The periodicity of the maximum number of sun spots being eleven years, and the last having been in 1870, last year should have witnessed the expected display. It was a little late, but there were several bright auroras in the last part of the year, in the fall and winter. The time for the displays will last through this year, I expect, and they will probably be more frequent than they have been. For the first half of the periods which mark the occurrence of the maximum number of sun spots there is a diminution in their number, so that there were none at all to be seen in 1875 and 1876, and after that they began to increase. This, you see, would bring the time for the greatest expected display up to the present.

"By sun spots, whose occurrence in greatest numbers I have said corresponded with the times of the most brilliant and frequent auroral displays, I mean the dark marks that are seen on the sun's surface. They are hollows and depressions in the surface and are due to some change in the molten liquid substance. The surface is continually changing and these depressions are probably the result of some upheaval caused by the gasses within. They don't cover a very big proportion of the sun's surface, however. Some are as big as 100,000 miles across, but that is an exception, and most of them are below 10,000 miles in width. They come and disappear quite suddenly, often, sometimes in a half hour, and again they may last for two or three months. They gradually grow smaller and decline, and their average duration is about a month. It is the general coincidence, though, that proves the relation between the maximum number of these spots and the auroras. The years which witness the most spots will have the most displays.

The Sun Spots Connection.

"There may be some connection between these spots and the weather. Some have thought that the years of their greatest numbers were more stormy than others, but I do not consider this well established. The appearance of the streamers all radiating from a common centre, which was so noticeable Sunday night, may, in a certain sense, be called an optical delusion. They are really parallel, and the centre from which they seem to start is really the direction in which they are pointed. As for the flashing of the lights, that is probably the effect of the passage of electric currents, but not much is known about that. Nor can we tell what causes the different colors to be seen. Much the same effect is to be produced, however, by the passing of an electric current through a vacuum tube. These displays are very apt to extend over the entire surface of the globe lying in the same latitude, and it has been noticed that they usually occur on the same night here and in Europe. The cause is the same for all. They are not to be seen in the tropics, but Arctic travelers speak of their frequency and brilliancy, they coming every night. This is accounted for by the fact that the north pole is near the magnetic pole of the earth. Speaking of magnetism, the sun spots which I have mentioned have an effect on the magnetic needle, and it has been noticed that during the period of their occurrence in greatest number the needle is most apt to deviate from its true direction. The whole matter is one of electricity and magnetism. These brilliant displays may be going on all day for what we know, but there is no way of telling. There is no reason to suppose that the sun would spoil them, only they would be invisible. There is no telling whether the next display will be brighter than the last, or when it will come. That is all uncertain. But the theory that the displays are caused by the sun spots is, I think, well established."

Electric Lamps.

If we examine one of the electric lamps in the streets, we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. Once a day a man comes around with a bag of the rods. He takes out the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day, to see that every one is in proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well, they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a curious black substance like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out the two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fibre. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no light, no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark and silent. If we were to push the two rods in the lamp close together, the light and heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go into the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand this matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we come to the narrowest part of all. Here, the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds and furious leaping and rushing water and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are the cause. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring water-falls, as the waters struggle together to get past the narrow place.

It is the same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart, there is a space to be got over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white and beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, inclosed in glass globes. The electricity, flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and, in its struggle to get past, it heats the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives us a mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or a break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and in this way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.

Forestry.

In answering an invitation to be present at the forestry convention at Cincinnati, John G Whittier, who, like all men of sensibility, is a lover of trees, wrote: "My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm, and especially of the white pine, the grandest tree in our woods, which I would not exchange for Oriental palms. My thanks will be due to the public school which is to plant a group of trees in my honor. I could ask no better memorial. I have always admired the good taste of the Sakoskis Indians around Sebago lake, who, when their chief died, dug around a beech tree, swaying it down, and placed his body in the rent, and then let the noble tree fall back into its original place—a green and beautiful monument for the son of the forest."

John Walker, living near House Mountain, Tenn., sixteen miles from Knoxville, was stabbed and killed by Andrew Evans, a neighbor, in consequence of Walker having made disparaging remarks in relation to Evans' sister. Evans is in jail at Knoxville, and his father is now serving on a jury in a murder trial in the same city.

At Marlboro, Mass., Lewis T. Frye, the champion bicycle rider of the United States, was thrown from his bicycle and had his skull fractured. He will probably die.

THE ROMANCE OF A BENEDICT.

There came to-day,
From far away,
A message it was sent to me
From one I knew,
Whostill is true,
Her face again I seemed to see;
I trembled as I read her name;
Through every vein within my frame
I felt the warm blood ebb and flow;
The deathless love of long-ago
Again possessed my soul
And held control.
Once in these empty arms
Her lovely form I pressed;
I gazed upon her charms,
I felt upon my breast
The beating of her heart,
Ere we were torn apart;
Two lives, with faith and trust,
Were blended into one,
Our rose-leaves now are dust,
Our dream divine is done.

II.

Our dream is done, and yet to-day there came
A message from her. It was but a line.
That though she bore "On Earth another name,
In Heaven her heart forever would be mine."
I read her words of hope. I sighed. I knew
Her heart was faithful and her soul was true—
That earthly care and suffering had wrought
And ruined all except her self-respect.
'Tis sweetly sad, 'tis wondrous strange,
To see the melancholy change
That Time has wrought in her fair face,
Her form, her voice, her dwelling-place.
Pride, like a river, flows between
Our sundered lives, but cannot hide
The light that flashes o'er the tide;
No barrier can intervene
Between her soul and mine;
Love was, and is, divine.
It shone—it shines forever from afar
Like an eternal star.

III.

Ah! life is short, and love is long;
Its hope is sweet, its faith is strong.
We live—
We give
Our hearts away.
We watch and wait from day to day,
And time flies on.
The flowers fade, the snowflakes fall,
The years are gone;
And death destroys, but ends not all.
The years may fly,
The friends we knew
May droop and die,
But love is true!
And every truth the world contain
In heaven remains!

Frances Halliday's Wedding.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves, and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his honest heart at my foolish little feet? I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one else said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration, and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a small fortune of 25 000; that is, I was to have it, if I had remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or if I married previously with my uncle's approval.

Now uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and good man of our small town. To have insinuated that he was not worthy of a saint, a beauty and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions, the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement to Stephen seriously; it was part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it, I did, not expecting censure from any one else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I told him I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked why; and I said: "All my life long, I have been such an unhappy girl. I have been afraid to speak or laugh, or sing, and no one but Norman ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked.

So I answered, "Yes, I love him and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank, he wanted to marry me; but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my $25,000."

"So you have $25,000?"

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it to me. He'll never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: You are a good girl to be so honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up the little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change between Stephen and I. He sent aunt presents from his hot-houses and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at uncle Miles house, and sometimes we were left together and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to see us occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought that if I married the banker it might not be a bad thing for my cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never in our little town had there been such dozens of elegantly trimmed undergarments, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best room for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to uncle: "I understand Frances has $25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add $10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker, and, of course, for such a purpose, I am willing to hand over to you at once Frances' fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use always. Will you look at the accounts?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles."

So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicable affected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever. I must state here that I opposed, as I thought right, Stephen's gift of $10,000, and his subsequent outlay of $1000 on furniture, but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means, and that it would be affectation to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose him.

At length the wedding day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. Cousin Jose, who had prepared himself to look down on all the world from the pulpit, was to perform the ceremony. This showed in Jose a very Christian spirit, seeing that he had once looked on me and my $25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present a black onyx seal ring, on which was set a cross in seed pearls. He had offered me it once before, with his affections and his means, and I had then refused it. I took it now.

It helped to swell the list of my presents and they certainly made a goodly show. First there was the Stamford estate from father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for $1000 worth of new furniture which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver, and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knick-knacks, and these I carefully packed in the half-dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send all my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left, in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival, I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said "it was eminently proper and thoughtful." So all my wardrobe except my wedding dress and a traveling suit arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life.

Norman Strong called last night, and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness, and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming — so unselfish—and I was also very well satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about eight o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I bade her good-night: "the hairdresser comes at half-past eight."

I said, "Very well, aunt," and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done, I sat down in the dark. About one o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down stairs, unlocked the back door, and walked out Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There a buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to a main line about three miles off. Here we caught the two o'clock express, and were safe in New York and very respectably married by ten o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected for Washington, and after a delicious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for that city.

In the mean time there was trouble in Milliford. Our flight was not discovered till near eight o'clock, and then uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker, who secluded himself for that day entirely. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment was very great; in fact when I considered the amount of condolence and gossip they would have to endure, I felt that for all the slights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quits. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a $500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We returned very quietly, after dark one night, very much like two children who have played truant all day, and creep home at night-fall with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort. The fires were blazing, the gas lighted, and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk, and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing his position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And every one took his tone from Stephen. We were treated very much like two children who had been forgiven and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them credit for the kindest of motives, I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things, and I dare say the men talked everything over with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it was mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he had loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble unselfishness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

"Just let them say you jilted me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until uncle Miles comes round."

Aunt and uncle both came round sooner than we expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought in contact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and give me the kiss of reconciliation.

But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in the public schools of New York came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way which convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had had for her mother. Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little, plain Ruth Strong; for she is plain—every one must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me! I think Love must often laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so, and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I always intend to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.

Angus MacDonald's Farm.

Angus Macdonald was a farmer from Charlotteburg, County Glengarry, who arrived in Winnipeg a few days ago. Angus, in his own estimation, and in the estimation of his friends, was a shrewed man. He was hardly in the place before an old acquaintance of his ran up against him, slapping him on the back in a friendly way, and said:

"I'm glad you've come up. I was just going to send for you." After their greeting he continued: "By the way, Angus, you own a farm ont near Minnedosa!"

"Yes."

"How much will you take for it?"

"I don't know," said Angus; "I thought of settling on it myself."

"Well, I'll tell you what, I'll give you $6,000 for it."

Angus thought before leaving Glengarry that if he got $2,000 for it he would be doing well, but he was now in the land of booms, and so he asked for it $8,500.

"Well, here's $50 on the bargain, and we'll sign the papers to-morrow." And the purchaser rushed off.

Before two hours had passed Angus ran against another old acquaintance.

"Glad to see you, Angus; glad you came up. There's a splendid chance for you. By the way, I see you registered as owning a farm near Minnedosa. How much do you want for that farm?"

"I've just sold it," said Angus.

"How much did he give you?"

"Six thousand five hundred dollars."

"The dickens you did. Why, I'll give you $15,000 for it. You go to the purchaser and get him to release you and I'll give you the $15,000."

Angus wished that he was back at St. Raphaels or anywhere else, since he had made such a fool of himself. However, all he could do was to try and get the farm back. So who does he run across within fifteen minutes but purchaser No. 1.

"Says Angus:

"I'm sorry I sold you my farm. I'd like to get it back. Here's your $50, and we'll be where we were."

"Oh, I can't do that. I bought the farm, and will have the papers ready to-morrow."

After further higgling, Angus offered him $500 to break the bargain.

With great reluctance the first purchaser took the $500—100 new $5 bills of the Bank of Montreal—and gave back to Angus the temporary agreement of sale.

Angus was happy again, and set out to find buyer No. 2.

He found him not. No. 1 and No. 2 were pal confidence men. Angus was the sucker from Ontario, and $450 was the net amount that they stung him for.

Educational.

Educate your children in the highest sense of the word, and you have put into their hands a lever far more powerful than that of Archimedes; one powerful enough to raise the dense mass of ignorance and sin. There is wickedness and misery enough in the world, but endeavor to make your corner of it brighter and better, and your far-reaching influence will tell on generations yet unborn. Understand that on the wise, skillful training of the souls committed to your charge hangs a momentous issue, a tremendous power for good or ill.

[How I Teach Elimentary Science.

It is proposed to introduce elementary science as a class-subject in the Mundella Code. It is put on a level with geography and grammar, and a syllabus is given in which mechanics occupies a very prominent place. This indicates the value set upon such kind of instruction by the department. I think I can trace the handiwork of one of the best known and most highly esteemed of H. M. Inspectors. I am, as may be supposed, especially gratified to find my favorite subject thus treated. Of the direct encouragement given to the teachings of mechanics by the London School Board, I can speak from pleasant personal experience. It is no wonder it should be thus highly esteemed. It is the one subject above all others that lends its aid, in the words of Gambetta, to "that progress which is the development of that capital given by nature and which is called reason." I suppose all teachers have read Sir John Lubbock's speech at York, as reported in the *Times*. I felt a certain personal interest in reading it. For a short time since, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors did me the honor to bring Sir John and Lady Lubbock to Gloucester Road to hear one of my lessons on elementary science. Well, I feel that when I am engaged in this kind of teaching, I am, though in a humble sphere, a fellow worker with those men of mighty minds, who met to listen to that remarkable address from their president.

I propose in this article to give an outline of the first lesson, dealing with matter in the three states: solids, liquids and gases. The mechanical properties peculiar to each state. These are the words of a syllabus. If I had the wording of this, I should have said: "matter; its three states, solid, liquid and gaseous; the physical properties peculiar to each state." In order that the teacher should know what he is talking about, and clearly conceive of a plan for best presenting the subject before juvenile minds, it is necessary that he read Tyndall's "Heat, a mode of motion," and especially Grove's "Correlation of the Physical Forces," besides the ordinary text-books of Natural Philosophy.

John Jones, come here; take this block of chalk in your hands; tell me what you know about it from feeling it. Ans. It is rough. Anything else? Ans. It easily rubs off. Anything else? It is a square. Is he quite right, boys, in calling that a square? Ans. No, sir; it is a cube. Yes. Now, shut your eyes and tell me the shape of this (handing him the ball). Ans. Round. Again, boys, is he right in calling that "round?" No, sir. Yes sir. Some boy says yes. Why? Ans. Because it is round, every way. It is but the cube is also square every way, yet you said it was wrong to call it square. What is the proper word for this shape? Ans. A globe or sphere. Just so. Now, Smith, you come here. Put your finger in that basin of water and tell me its shape? Ans. I can't feel any shape. No, you can't. It has no shape, and you cannot give it shape of itself. See. I place the chalk on the table and it remains there and keeps its shape. Now, I will pour some water on the table. You see it does not remain there; it runs away. What do you think is in that pipe? Ans. Gas. I am going to turn it on, but not light it. I want you two boys, in opposite corners of the room to tell me when you begin to smell it. (After a few seconds.) I can smell it, sir. Yes, so can I here. (A boy) I can smell it. (Another boy) And so can I. Yes, you can all smell it. Now, I have turned it off. How much gas came out, think you, while it was turned on? Ans. This room full. Indeed? Do you know how many cubic feet that would be? Ans. No, sir. Well, then, this room is 20 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 20 feet high; and 20 times 20 times 20 is what? Ans. 8,000. Yes; then how many cubic feet of space is there in this room? Ans. 8,000. Now, do you think that 8,000 cubic feet of gas passed out of that pipe during the few seconds it was turned on? Ans. No, sir. Yes, that is true. Now boys, there was really only about one cubic foot of gas passed out while I turned it on. (A boy) Please, sir, how could it fill this room, then? Ah! that is just what I was about to ask you. (A boy) It spread. Spread? What spread? Ans. The gas. Do you know of anything else that would spread in this way? No answer? Well, suppose I bring a cubic foot of water, say that pail full, into the room, would it spread all over it? Ans. No, sir. How many cubic feet of water must I bring into this room to fill it? Ans. 8,000. And if I wanted to fill the room with chalk, how much? Ans. 8,000 cubic feet. Yes, and yet it seems that one cubic foot of gas will fill it. A boy holding up his hand. Well? Please, sir, I can make a cubic foot of water fill this room. You can? How? Ans. Make it hot and turn it into steam. Yes, but then it would be vapor, not water. (A boy) I read in one of our library books that steam and water are just the same. Yes; so they are in composition; but water in a state of steam is not called water; you can turn the vapor into water by condensing it. But you have not answered my question as to how one cubic foot of gas can spread all over this room. Can any of you tell me? No one? Well, now listen. What would you call the smallest conceivable divisions of this gas? Ans. Molecules. Yes; there must be a certain number of molecules in the cubic foot it has spread all over the room, than when it passed out of the pipe? No, sir. Then, what must have happened to the molecules? No answer? Look, here's a little heap of peas on the table. Suppose I wanted to make them spread all over the table what must I do? Ans. Put them further apart. Just so. Then, what must have happened to the molecules of gas? Ans. They must have gone further apart. Yes, they separated from each other. Now why do not the molecules of water in that basin, or the molecules of carbonate of lime in that block, separate from each other? Now think. (A boy) There must be something to keep them together. Exactly so; there must be and there is, and I will write on the board the name of "that something."

"Attraction of cohesion." In the case of the gas the molecules are not only not bound together, they fly apart. Tell me some word which is the opposite of "attraction." No one can tell? You two boys come here; stand together; now push each other away. There, you see they nearly fell down. There was certainly no attraction; what was there? Ans. Repulsion. Just so. Now, one of you boys try and put your finger into that piece of chalk. You can't? Ans. No, sir. No, not very easily. Now, put your finger into that water. Yes, that is easily done. What was it you pushed apart in the water? Ans. The molecules of water. (A boy) I could push apart the molecules of chalk with a nail and hammer. Yes, you could; but that requires great force. So in which of those two things is the attraction of cohesion strongest? Ans. In the chalk. Now take out your books and write: In solids, such as chalk, the attraction of cohesion is great; in liquids, such as water, the molecules move freely among themselves, for the attraction of cohesion is slight; in gases or vapors there is no attraction of cohesion at all, but repulsion between the molecules.

The Largest Arsenal in the World.

The greatest manufactory storehouse of cannons and war material is Woolwich Arsenal, England. It has within its enclosure 280 acres of land, of which some 160 acres are covered with buildings. When in full operation it employs about 18,000 persons. The amount of ammunition stored there is immense, and cannon can be counted by the hundred. In the storehouse a stock of 20,000 cavalry saddles are kept constantly on hand, with a corresponding amount of horseshoes, nails, halters, traces, collars, harness, for transportation trains, etc. One of the most interesting sights is the manufacture of rifled cannon, the many processes of which are going on in different shops all the time. These range in size from three-pounders to one-hundred tonners, and the machinery required to make and handle them is very heavy, the largest forging hammers having 600 tons force. The steel coils of the cannon are made from steel bars, the largest of which are 300 feet long and a foot thick. These are coiled in a spiral by a heavy but nicely-working machine, and are welded together by the heavy hammers as perfectly as an ordinary piece of iron in a blacksmith's shop and with comparatively few blows. The machinery used is some of the best in England, and much of it was made in Manchester. One lathe room has over an acre space, closely filled in with 2,000 lathes, and a busy sight it is to see them all in motion. One machine for the manufacture of fixed ammunition turns out 205 cartridge-moulds every revolution, and has the capacity of 250,000 daily. The several shops and buildings are connected with railways for moving material. These aggregate a great many miles.

Carbolic Acid in Diphtheria.

Dr. Z. T. Magill, of Lincoln, Missouri, contributes to the Chicago *Medical Journal* the method of treating diphtheria from which he has secured better results than from any other. He uses an ordinary hose, from three to five feet long and about one inch in diameter. One end is placed over the spout of a common tea-kettle, into which has been put half a gallon of water and half an ounce of carbolic acid. The kettle is then placed on the stove, over a good fire, and when the water reaches the boiling point, the free end of the hose is carried under a blanket thrown over the patient's head. The room must be closed. In a short time the patient will perspire freely. If persevered in at short intervals, breathing becomes softer, and presently, after a succession of quick explusive efforts, the patient throws off a coat or tube of false membrane. The acid vapor seems to prevent the re-formation of exudation. Alcohol and sulphate of quinine are used in conjunction with the acid, for their supporting properties.

Water Power of Niagara.

The water power of Niagara will undoubtedly be utilized at no distant day. It is thought practicable to have three turbine wheels, each about three and a half feet in diameter, utilizing a fall of eight feet by means of a pipe eight feet in diameter. Each of the three turbines would be of 1,000 horse power, and since the supply of water would be that of the great lakes, it would be practically inexhaustible. Calculations of the power of the falls of Passaic, at Paterson, N. J., show 1,000 horse power; of the Merrimac, at Lowell, 10,000; of the Mohawk, 14,000; of the Connecticut, 17,000; of the Androscoggin, 11,000; of the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, 15,000. The total force of these falls represents 75,000 horse power, and as each might be made to do at least double work, it may be set down as in all 225,000 horse power. As an equal amount of energy might be drawn from the smaller rivers in the mountainous regions, the total available hydraulic force of the United States may be set down as no less than 500,000 horse power. That Niagara and other waterfalls in America will be utilized for machinery there can be little doubt; it is only a question of time.

A Neat Compliment.

There is an old story of a butcher with whom the lady was remonstrating as to a certain fillet of veal not being white enough, laying her ungloved hand on the joint as she spoke. "Put your glove on, mum," quoth the butcher. Seldom has a more subtly-graceful, though ostensibly simple, compliment been paid, and I cannot helpfancying that the lady was never tired of buying fillets of veal from the gallant butcher.

AN OLD STORY.

A mother sat through sunset's golden hours
Holding a wreath of faded orange flowers,
And, sighing, said: "It was but yesterday
A lovely babe within these fond arms lay;
I watched its dimpled smiles, its laughing eyes,
With love half joy, and half a glad surprise,
Till, all unheeded, passing Time, so fleet,
Stole my fair babe, and left a maiden sweet.

"For my sweet babe I shed not one sad tear,
I breathed no sigh this maiden was so dear;
But day by day I watched new charms unfold
Till scarce its weight of joy my heart could hold.
For twenty years! How like a pleasant dream
Those years of tenderness and watching seem!
But now, from all my love she turns away
For a fond heart known scarce a summer's day."

The father came, He paused beside her chair;
He kissed her cheek, caressed the shining hair,
Then like a wooer, bent and whispered low,
"Sweetheart, I pray thee do not sorrow so.
Dost thou remember one bright afternoon
When woods and fields were all aglow with June
We wandered forth down by the river's side,
We, too, forgetting all the world beside?

"Forgetting time, till in the darkening stream
We saw the first pale lights of evening gleam?
And while we watched them 'neath our trysting tree
Hast thou forgot, at my fond words to thee—
'That when those lights that burned on high so far
Looked on the Charles and saw no answering star
Then should my love cease to be wholly thine'—
That thou didst leave thy mother's heart for mine?"

—E. E. INGRAHAM.

An Eligible Boarding-place.

"No hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne.

"Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!" said Payne.

"Nor I neither," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

"I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with a pen-knife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory—wall paper I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar shop, and a beer shop, and two thread and needle stores, and a post office where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Magalloway River, all carpeted with water lilies, and half a dozen little trout streams running into it, and bit of the finest scenery you ever saw. But—there's no hotel."

"But where's a fellow to stay?" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outfit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. "A blanket, a canvas tent with pegs and hoops, a little smudge of bran or pine-needles, to keep the mosquitoes off at night, and—"

"But I don't enjoy camping out," vehemently remonstrated Payne. "I like good walls, a feather pillow, and regular meals served three times a day."

"Well, then, look here," said Warden, "Go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and then."

"Who is the Widow Buck?" asked Payne.

"That I don't know," replied his friend.

"And where does she live?"

"There you have me again."

"Man alive! are you crazy!" despairingly questioned Payne. "How am I to find her?"

"Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket. "Go to Mailzie Ford—eleven A. M. train—stage coach—through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier. I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds. And Mailzie Ford is a perfect little Paradise, when once you get there!"

"Well," said Payne, dejectedly, "it seems a wild goose chase, but I've a mind to try it. A man can but come back again."

It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken, and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching paper, and started for the far northern wilderness of Mailzie Ford.

Of course, the train was late—trains always are late—and it was four o'clock in the afternoon when Mr Payne found himself perched up in an open box wagon behind two trunks, package of salt codfish, a mail bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringy hats of black straw, all covered with loops and ribbon that make people look so picturesque.

"Where do we meet the stage?" said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

The driver stared at him.

"This 'ere's the stage!" said he "Git up Sorrel!"

Mr. Payne stared.

"But stages have tops," said he.

"This 'ere stage don't," said the driver.

It was rather a trying situation—steep uphill part of the way, and steep down hill the rest, with the codfish and the mail bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrasment.

"I'm rude I know," said she, "but if you'd just tie that codfish to the back of the wagon, with your fishing line, it would not trouble you so much."

"A good idea!" said Payne, briskly. "Thanks, very much for suggesting it!"

"I've traveled over this road before," said the pretty girl, laughing.

"Are you going to Mailzie Ford?" said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

"No," said the pretty girl, "to Catley's Dam."

"Perhaps you know something about Mailzie Ford?" hazarded our hero.

"Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" asked Payne, with interest.

"Very well," nodded the pretty girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared in the purple twilight, Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of the wild bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory, down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses, at a one-storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now then, here we be. Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavored with salt codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horses.

"What for?" asked the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised an old fashioned brass knocker that hung at the door, and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog left off smelling and began to bark. Presently, a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket handkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," she said, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"All them traps your'n?" demanded the widow, abruptly.

"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Peers to mee it's purty cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay," said she.

"I thought, madam—"

"I'm a talking now," said the widow sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank-burglar, or a counterfeiter for all we know.

"My references."

"Yes, I know, and them very references is most likely forged But I'm willing to be reasonable. How old are you?"

And Mr. Payne, secre ly wondering if this was the way they managed things in Maine, answered meekly:

"Two-and thirty!"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madam! I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None, madam."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Except to live on me, hey?"

"Madam!" gasped Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you are going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her? which I shan't do, and don't you to think it! She don't care for you anyway. When she heard you was coming she made up her mimd to stop off at Catley's Dam to get rid of the sight of you. There. So just pick up your traps and go back agin in the way you come! You won't never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences, a faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne. I am from Boston I was recommended here as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Wardin, of 15 Peppermint Place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in her consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out after your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was coming here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the Lowell mill, Naomi does. To think how ever I could have made such a blunder. Do walk in, sir!"

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightfully little "interior" of reed carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs, burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry-wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voice—the voice of his black-eyed traveling companion.

"Well, mother did he come?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" asked Payne, with interest.

"Very well," nodded the pretty girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared in the purple twilight, Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of the wild bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory, down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses, at a one-storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now then, here we be. Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavored with salt codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horses.

"What for?" asked the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised an old fashioned brass knocker that hung at the door, and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog left off smelling and began to bark. Presently, a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket handkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," she said, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"All them traps your'n?" demanded the widow, abruptly.

"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Peers to mee it's purty cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay," said she.

"I thought, madam—"

"I'm a talking now," said the widow sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank-burglar, or a counterfeiter for all we know.

"My references."

"Yes, I know, and them very references is most likely forged But I'm willing to be reasonable. How old are you?"

And Mr. Payne, secre ly wondering if this was the way they managed things in Maine, answered meekly:

"Two-and thirty!"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madam! I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None, madam."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Except to live on me, hey?"

"Madam!" gasped Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you are going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her? which I shan't do, and don't you to think it! She don't care for you anyway. When she heard you was coming she made up her mimd to stop off at Catley's Dam to get rid of the sight of you. There. So just pick up your traps and go back agin in the way you come! You won't never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences, a faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne. I am from Boston I was recommended here as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Wardin, of 15 Peppermint Place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in her consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out after your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was coming here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the Lowell mill, Naomi does. To think how ever I could have made such a blunder. Do walk in, sir!"

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightfully little "interior" of reed carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs, burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry-wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard

Scientific Adulteration.

Adulterations in food and drugs when clumsily made are easily enough detected; but the crafty and unselfish fellows who adulterate these products, frequently do their work with such scientific skill that no ordinary watchfulness will suffice to defect it. So many substances which formerly were supposed to be the products exclusively of living organisms can now be produced artificially in the chemist's laboratory so closely resembling the natural organic substances themselves, that it is impractical to distinguish the artificially prepared compound from the true one. In medicine, valerianic acid, benzoic acid, volatile oil of bitter almonds, etc., are familiar illustrations of the artificial production of substances which at one time were known only as peculiar constituents of certain plants, or parts of plants. Essential oil of mustard is recently reported to be extensively adulterated with an artificial product made from allyl alcohol. Substances may have apparently the same elementary composition, and yet differ essentially in properties, and it is not certain that any artificial imitation of an organic substance used in medicine has yet been made which possesses the same medicinal properties as the natural product. On the contrary, we do know that in some cases the most striking differences as to physical properties exist, notwithstanding the apparently proven identity as to chemical composition (*isomerism*). Starch, dextrin, and wood-fibre are all represented by the formula $C_6H_{10}O_5$, and yet they differ widely one from the other. It is easy, therefore, to suppose that organic substances can be successfully adulterated with other organic substances without fear of detection by ordinary means, but with a material change in quality. As the art of successful adulteration must necessarily steal its secrets from science, it becomes evident that the necessity for the employment of scientific experts to protect the public against impositions of this kind must grow with the advance of science itself, and the time has arrived when public analysis are actually indispensable.

Scraps.

Fame is like a pig with a greased tail—hard to hang on to.

A wit being asked, on the failure of a bank, "Were you not upset?" replied: "No; I only lost my balance."

Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

Teacher to a small boy. "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Pull down the blinds!"

Deaf lady: "What's his name?" Young lady: "Augustus Tyler." Deaf lady: "Bless me! what a name, Busthis Biler! Eliza, you must be making fun of me."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Partington; "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight was he? Dear! dear! to think how that if he had lived two years more he'd had been a centurion."

A girl who married an old miser for his wealth, but pretended that she married him only for love, was surprised, when she asked him for some money the first time, at his replying: "True love, darling, seeks no change."

He had owned a setter dog, and this was the story he told: "Yes, sir; the way that dog was devoted to me was just amazing. Why, he heard me say to my wife that I was pressed for money, and he went and died the day before the dog tax was assessed."

Well-bred.

The well-bred hostess puts her guests at ease by being at ease herself. She gives them the best she has without fuss or flurry, or undue expense; always bearing in mind that the best thing she can offer them is herself, unfretted by care, unwearied by labor and fresh and free for social chat, o sympathy, or counsel as the case may be.

WHEN you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you have denied yourself something so that you could bestow the gift.

Dangerous Dome of St. Sophia.

Great consternation has been caused in Constantinople by a report that the mosque of St. Sophia is in danger of collapsing; for there is a tradition among the Turks that the fall of this basilica will herald the dismemberment of the empire. The mosque was restored at a great expense by the Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1849, under the superintendence of the Italian architect, Fossati. But the work does not appear to have been very well executed, for the grand dome, which is 120 feet in diameter and 270 feet high, is so insecure that, according to the report of the architect who has been called in by the Minister of Public Works, it may fall at any moment. In other respects the interior of the mosque is in a fairly good state of preservation. Among the many relics preserved in the mosque of St. Sophia is the carpet upon which Mohammed was wont to pray, and close to the place where the carpet is suspended stands the pulpit from which the Khatib reads the koran every, Friday holding in his hand a drawn sword as symbolic of St. Sophia having been conquered from the infidel. Another of the relics preserved in St. Sophia is the cradle of our Savior, which, according to tradition, was brought from Bethlehem, together with a sort of basin in which his mother washed him. The walls of the mosque are covered with green slabs, on which verses from the koran are engraved in etters of gold.

A New Lamp.

The use of projections on a screen as an aid in instruction is now widely appreciated; but an absence of the electric or calcium light (which is often not procurable) it may prove difficult to get light sufficiently intense for large images. Dr. Regnard has lately devised a lamp of simple character, the light of which is equal to about half that of the calcium light, and which should find various use besides the one indicated. The idea is burning on a metallic net a mixture of air and petroleum vapor. The apparatus consists merely of a common Bunsen burner, terminated by a small cage of platinum wire. The petroleum vapor mixture takes the place of the gas, being supplied through an india-rubber tube at the bottom from apparatus of well-known form, an air current from a bellows being sent through petroleum in a stoppered vessel, whence, charged with vapor, it passes to the lamp. The intense heat in burning of the mixture renders the platinum cage brightly incandescent. To send all the light in one direction, a bent nozzle of trumpet shape, closed with platinum net, may be adapted to the Bunsen burner. By use of a fan-blower to supply the air current, several lamps may be kept in action, for the lighting of halls, workshops, etc., the effect being much like that of incandescent electric lamps. A large weighted bellows will keep one of the lamps going for several hours. The lamp would be useful to doctors in examination of the throat, ear, etc. The cost of maintenance is triffling.

For Our Youth.

Bad Bargains.

Once a school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scriptnre of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

"A third boy replied: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

"Boy, what will you take to tell a lie for me?" asked a mate of one of the little cabin boys on board of a fine English ship.

"Not all the gold of California, sir," was the prompt reply.

A Mother's Counsel.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of the French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him with the tenderness of a loving heart:

"My boy, serve God first. Pray to Him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian, and never neglect to comfort the widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in the battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when in his own great thirst he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

The Diamond Ring and the False Friend.

William and Frank had been fast friends from their early childhood. They went to the same school and played at the same school.

William sometimes engaged in practical jokes at Frank's expense; but Frank was generous and forgiving, and did not permit William's little tricks, which he ascribed to playfulness, to cool the warmth of his friendship.

Called away on a journey which would occasion a long absence from home, Frank entrusted to William for safe keeping, a ring in which was set a diamond of great value. Frank prized the ring more as a family heirloom than a rich jewel.

When Frank, after four years' absence, returned home, he was not a little surprised to find that William sought to avoid him, for he came not to welcome him as a true friend should.

Calling soon after on William, Frank demanded his ring, and was surprised, or rather shocked, when William denied having ever seen it.

Brought before a court of justice, William persisted in his denial of all knowledge of the ring.

Frank stated that he gave him the ring while each stood under an oak tree, immediately before his departure. But William hastily answered that he knew no more of the tree than he did of the ring.

"Go, Frank," said the judge, "and bring me a twig from that tree. I wish to see it."

The judge, expressing impatience at Frank's long absence, William explained that the tree was more than a mile from court.

"Ah!" said the judge, "I see that you know about the tree. I believe you know about the ring too."

Thus falsehood and dishonesty are frequently discovered, and indulgence in petty tricks sometimes lead to the commission of serious wrong.

Never Be Haughty.

A humming bird met a beautiful butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, as you once spurned me, and called me a drolling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

Topnoddy Indulges in Slang.

Mr. Topnoddy came in late to supper, the other evening, and his wife had been keeping it on the stove for him an hour, at least, and she was not any happier for the loving ministration. Topnoddy saw the state of affairs, and when he sat down to the table he thought he would make things pleasant for her, so he cheerily began:

"I am a little late, my dear but I was engaged down town in a matter pertaining to the city government, and couldn't get home. By-the-way, my dear, what do you think of the mayor's reform movments?

"What movements? What reform? What Mayor? Is he a married man? snapped Mrs. Topnoddy, like a bunch of shooting crackers going off.

"Well, no," replied Topnoddy; "not yet."

"That's a good thing for some poor woman,"

"But I was not talking about that, angel mine. I simply asked what you thought of his reform movements."

"What are they? Is there anything in them about reforming men who come late to their meals, who won't cut the kindling wood, nor bring in the coal, nor carry a bucket of water, nor fasten the boards on the back fence, nor get the marketing, nor stop talking about city government when they ought to talk home government, nor read their newspapers while their poor wives are slaving their lives out cooking for them, nor try to boss the house when the wife knows best what should be done, nor do forty dozen other things they shouldn't do? I say, is this in them? If it ain't, he'd better shut up shop and retire, and let a woman run the machine awhile. I can tell you, Topnoddy, if I was there I'd make things hum!"

Then she went out into the kitchen for something, and, while she was gone, Topnoddy drew a long breath and sighed:

"Hum! Well, I should smile,"

Precept and Practice.

The good story is told of an excellent American minister who, happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled thought, from what he overheard, that they were making too free with the character of their neighbors; and after their visitors had departed he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered: "But, father, what shall we talk about?" "If you can't do anything else," replied he, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time after an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening some discussions on points of doctrine were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing their Christian temper; when his eldest daughter, overhearing them, procured a pumpkin and, entering the room, gave it to her father, and said: "There, father, roll it about." The minister was obliged to explain to his brethern, and good humor was instantly restored.

Restoring the Color of the Hair.

It is said that equal parts of butternut bark and black tea, with water, in which a few rusty nails have been thrown, will restore hair that is prematurely turning gray to its original color. Steep well and saturate the hair once a day. There is nothing injurious in the mixture at any rate, and it is, perhaps, worthy of trial.

Exhalations of the Lungs.

The human lungs exhale, in twenty-four hours, about two pounds of carbonic acid. This is the produce of the burning of nine ounces of carbon. As giving some idea of the forces within the body, it is interesting to know that the combustion of nine ounces of carbon liberates over six million foot-pounds of energy. This is eduivalent to more than one-eighth of a horse-power acting continuously for the twetny-four hours; or it equals one hundred and eighty-two horse-powers working for one minute.

When a couple make up their mind to get married it may be called a tie vote.

For the Fair Sex.

Yellow flowers trim dark green and straw bonnets.

Velvet strings and a velvet Alsatian bow trim new bonnets.

Visites made of India cashmere shawls are favorite wraps.

White suits for summer are of wool in preference to lawn.

White net embroidery is used for neckties and chemisettes.

Soft toques of wool like the dress are worn with travelling dresses.

Amvia is the name given to a new and lovely shade of yellowish pink.

In Paris children's stockings must match their dresses; this is obligatory.

Long stocking mitts will be much worn with light costumes in mid-summer.

The designs and colorings of new stockings are artistic in the highest degree.

Natural flowers have entirely superseded artificial ones for trimming dresses.

The newest cloth goods have round spots as large as the palm of a lady's hand.

Mother Hubbard styles are now confined to morning wrappers and night dresses.

Fruit and flower designs in close printed patterns appear on new lisle-thread stockings.

The favorite blue for children's flannels and cheviots is the old gendarme or china blue.

Simple house dresses now in preparation for early spring are made chiefly of soft wool materials alone, or they have a moderate combination of silk surah or a fine cord lustrous gros grain. The latter fabric, having been laid aside for satins and lustrous surahs, is once more being used, and, considering its durability, ladies of good taste wear it in preference to any other material in the house.

Among the special novelties for seaside wear are costumes of cheese-cloth, with bonnet and parasol complete. The dresses are trimmed with kilted flounces (narrow) across the front, alternating with pleated ruffles of lace, which are placed partly under those of the cheese-cloth. The heading is a band of what looks like embroidery, but is in reality an application of cretonne, outlined with buttonhole stitch. This is repeated three times across the front and also upon the basque, hat and parasol. The fine lace pleatings also reappear upon every part of the dress. The costumes are imported complete. Chene silks have taken the place of what has been known as "summer" silks—that is the small checked and striped silks. There are checked washing silks still, but they have not the cachet of the newest thing. India pongee has experienced an enormous revival, due, perhaps, to the trouble of procuring other art materials. Pongees we have always—it is not extravagantly light, and it is one of the coolest, cleanest and daintiest of summer fabrics. China crepe it revived, but only for a few, for it is to costly for wear by the many. A few pieces of terra-cotta red have been eagerly bought up to be made into country house and fete dresses trimmed with white, and worn with white lace hat and parasol. The Tussore silks are fine and soft, very cool, and with their India tints and clinging quality make esthetic dresses. In washing materials the new satinets have easily taken the first rank. The gowns are well covered with lovely and most original designs, and though some of these latter are bizarre, there are enough of those that are both pretty and original to redeem them. The new rose design has dark grounds—olive or chocolate—and some a dull china blue. Upon these are shaded roses, Mareschal Neil, dark red and others, with brown stems and fading foliage. There are also Kate Greenway patterns, the quaint designs of little folks, which are so well known, furnishing the borderings to small leafy patterns. The narrow chene-striped ginghams, with linen finish are among the prettiest and most suitable materials for summer morning dresses. They are made with a kilted front, draped back and shirred basque bodice or blouse waist, and trimmed with Maderia embroidery or Belgian lace. Very useful summer skirts are made short, of a somewhat coarse but churaba kind of French batiste, flounced, finished with a drawing string at the back so as to mass the fulness into a Spanish flounce. Above this a series of ruffles supplies all the tournure needed. Skirts of this description have heretofore been very high, and only obtainable at a few small importing houses; now they are supplied more freely and at much lower rates.

Traveling dresses have reached perfection, so far as the limitations of the case will admit, in the English tailor-made costumes imported from the best house. Only the best cloth, best shades, best colors, and best workmanship are put on these seemingly simple suits, which are, however, nor at all cheap. The stitching and the buttons are all the trimmings; but the finish is equal to that put upon the finest coats for men. For a long journey one of these suits, a Newmarket coat and a soft felt hat with flexible brim, a long gauze veil and a pair of long wash-leather gloves form an excellent outfit.

Poets Laureate.

Poets laureate are so called from an ancient custom in the English universities of presenting a laurel wreath to graduates in rhetoric and poetry. Young aspirants were wreathed with laurels in berry (*orne de baies de laurier*). The poets laureate of the two past centuries have been: John Dryden, 1670; Thomas Shallwell, 1688; Nahum Tate, 1692; Nicholas Rowe, 1715; Laurence Hudson, 1718; Colley Cibber, 1730; William Whitehead, 1757; Thomas Warton, 1783; Henry James Pye, 1790; Robert Soutney, 1813; William Wordsworth, 1844; Alfred Tennyson, 1850.

Agricultural.

Where and How to Apply Fertilizers.

Under the above caption the *American Agriculturalist* publishes an excellent article advising broadcast manuring, from which we quote the following paragragh: "The growth and vigor of all plants or crops depend chiefly upon a good supply of strong roots that stretch far out, and thus gather food over the widest extent of soil. If a flourishing stalk of corn, grain or grass be carefully washed, so as to leave all its roots or rootlets attached, there will be found a wonderful mass of roots to any plant, and they extend off a long distance, frequently several feet, the farther the better, to collect more food and moisture. Put more manure or fertilizer in one place two feet away from a corn or potato hill, or from almost any plant, and a large mass of roots will go out in that direction. So if we mix manures or fertilizers well through the whole soil, they attract these food-seeking roots to a greater distance; and they thus come in contact with more of the food already in the soil, and find more moisture in dry weather. A deeply-stirred soil, with manure at the bottom, develops water-pumping roots below the reach of any ordinary drouth, and the crops kept right on growing—all the more rapidly on account of the helpful sun's rays that would scorch a plant not reaching a deep reservoir of moisture."

Poultry Diseases.

Canker in fowls should not be neglected for it is often a forerunner of roup in its worst form. We have found chlorate of potash an effectual remedy for all except the very worst cases. Put a pinch of the dry powder on the canker spots, and keep the fowl from water for an hour or so. Two or three application will generally effect a cure. In bad cases, touch the canker spots with a stick of lunar caustic, and give a weak solution of alum, or of chlorate of potash to drink. Chlorate of potash is a cheap drug, and can be obtained in powdered form at any drug store. Keep fowls that have canker apart from the rest of the flock, and thoroughly cleanse all drinking vessels, feed boxes, etc., before they are again used for other fowls.

Bumble-foot is a wart corn, a lump on the bottom of the foot, and is usually caused by jumping from a high perch on to hard floor. When the lump appears to contain matter, cut it open; press the matter out, wash the foot with warm castile soap suds, and keep the fowl in a separate coop on a bed of straw until the foot is well. To prevent this disease, put the roosting perches nearer the floor, or cover the floor with four or five inches of dry earth, or else make a ladder for the use of the fowls.

Crop bound.—When you see one of your fowls going around with a crop that looks twice as big as it ought to, catch her, and if the crop is hard and swollen, you may conclude that there is some obstruction in the passage from the crop to the stomach. Pour some warm water down the throat and then knead the crop gently until the contents seem soft; then hold the head down and the bill open and work at the crop a few minutes longer. Nextly give a tablespoonful of castor oil and shut the fowl up without food for twelve hours or more. If this course of treatment does not benefit the fowl, cut open the crop, and remove the contents with a teaspoon handle. Make the cut, which should be about an inch long, near the top of the crop. After the crop has been emptied, oil the finger, and pass it carefully as far as possible down the passage to the stomach. Lastly sew up the cuts, but don't sew all the edges up together; take two or three stitches in the cut in the crop, and then sew up the outer skin separately. Once upon a time your correspondent sewed the edges of both cuts all together, but somehow that hen didn't get along very well,—in fact she up and died. Keep the fowl on soft cooked food, and but little of that, and away from the other fowls for a week or so. Give no drink for two or three days after the operation. In making the cut, take care not to injure and large blood vessel.

Egg-bound.—When a hen mopes around with hanging wings, appears in distress, and goes often to the nest, but does not lay, she is egg-bound, and the first treatment should be a large dose, say two tablespoonfuls of castor oil; if this does not give relief within a reasonable time, inject sweet oil into the oviduct.

Cultivation of Squashes.

The squash is a native of the tropics and cannot endure the slightest touch of frost. It should not be planted before the middle of May. Being a very quick and vigorous grower, it is not necessary to put it in early, as nothing is gained thereby. This plant feeds as near the surface as it possibly can, and the roots extend quite a distance, which fact warns growers to spread manure over the ground around the plant rather than in the hill. Squashes thrive well on nearly all soils if well manured, and require but little attention. Squash culture has received a check during the past two seasons owing to the ravages of the striped and black bugs, so-called, which destroy it. Paris green kills the former, but, as that substance is objectionable, experienced growers suggest in its stead nitrate of soda (saltpetre) which is not only harmless but furnishes nitrogen to the plants, thus increasing growth, and assisting the plant to push ahead of danger. Dissolve a tablespoonful of the saltpetre in a half gallon of water, and sprinkle over the plants (vines, fruit and ground) and it will not only drive away or destroy the bugs but prevent attack. The black bug must be caught. This is easily done by placing a piece of stiff paper, card board or shingle near the vine. Under this the bugs will gather at night, and early in the morning, before the sun is up, they can be killed. The early bush, or patty-pan squash is mostly grown, but the marrow squash gives the largest yield, and the Hubbard the best quality. There is no vegetable in the garden or field that requires less labor than the squash, nor is any one more wholesome. The rows should be about ten feet apart for Hubbard and Merrow, and the plants five feet from each other. Give them plenty of room and keep them clean. The time for gathering the early squashes is at a period when they can be indented by the finger nail with comparative ease. If allowed to grow until an effort is required to thus puncture them they become too hard, and cannot be cooked satisfactorily. At times the squash will, while growing, suddenly lose its beautiful green color and turn yellow, apparently without cause. This comes from two causes, the bugs and dry weather. In times of drought these dangers should be anticipated by mulching around the plant, for being a close surface feeder it needs moisture near the top of the ground, which can only be secured by watering or mulching. Whenever squash plants are watered the saltpetre will be found to be a valuable addition, for it has been known to restore the vines even after the yellows have set in. A good sprinkling of plaster and ashes around the plant not only gives nourishment to the vines but also distresses the black bug should it endeavor to operate. The yellow bug is the one that works the greatest mischief. In cultivating or hoeing squashes the object should be to destroy grass and weeds only, care being taken to disturb the roots as little as possible.

Sheep on the Farm.

A correspondent of the *Farmers' Review* makes some good points in the following plea for sheep-keeping: "On almost every farm are fields and pastures where weeds grow which horses and cattle would never think of eating. On this sheep will browse and thrive. Turn them into these pastures early in the spring, and they will take care of themselves all summer. The pasture must be proportionate to the number of sheep it is expected to support. If too great a number are turned into it early in the season they will keep it fed down so closely that the crop will be a scant one all summer. But if the number is not too large for the range given they will do well where other animals would starve. Nothing escapes them. They browse briars with great relish, and in fields where other bushes have begun to start they will soon exterminate them, for they crop off every young shoot as soon as it makes its appearance. It is a good plan to divide your pasture into two or more fields. Let them run in one until they have cropped it pretty close. While they are doing that the other will be getting a good start. By and by you can turn them into it, and the one they have occupied can have a chance to do something. In this way you will be likely to get better feed for them than you will by allowing them full range of the entire pasture all the time."

for Potate Bugs.

The Troy *Press* tells of a farmer who tried a new remedy for potato bugs with success. He procured a number of boards and placed them here and there among his potatoes and on these boards were placed raw potatoes sliced. At noon on the first day of the experiment he and his hired men found every piece of potato covered with bugs. The men killed this crop, and at night another crop was killed, though not so large, and in a week not a bug could be seen, and his trouble with bugs after this was comparatively small. In the spring, he says, is the best time to attend to bugs as a spring bug, he understands, breeds from 200 to 300 during the potato season. He thinks it would be a good plan to dip the piece of potato in paris green, as it would save the work of killing them.

Muzzle Pivot Guns.

Herr Krupp has recently conducted a series of experiments with a new kind of gun and shell. The gun is on the muzzle pivoting system, and the shell has been specially designed for torpedo effect, that is, to burst on penetration of armored ships with a result similar to the explosion of a torpedo. The experiments were considered highly satisfactory, and quite sufficient to justify the great German manufacturer of weapons in taking immediate measures for the production of larger guns and shells than those tried. The gun experimented with was of twenty-one centimetre calibre, with a long shell having a tremendous bursting charge, so arranged that the shell should explode only after penetrating some distance into the armor plating. The gun's muzzle pivot is carried down into a socket fixed in the hold of a vessel in such a way as to prevent the slightest recoil even with the heaviest charge. Herr Krupp's gun was worked during the trials with great ease and certainty of aim, and obtained for the shell a very high velocity.

This description of weapon has been designed for gunboats built to carry up to forty centimetres. These gunboats are to be of light draught, high rate of speed, and exceedingly handy. In fact, two or even three of such armed boats would be very ugly customers for a first-class armored ship to cope with, owing to their rapid power of manouvring, and their small size rendering them difficult to hit. Their cost would be but an eight or t

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Good Prints	4c a yard	Best unbleached Cotton	
Best Prints	6 and 7c "	in the world	8c a yard
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Bleached and unbleached Cottons from 27 to 90 inches wide.
Bleached Cottons all prices.

Renfren and Canton Ginghams Marked down from 15c.	12c a yard
Best line of Cambrics in Concord.	11c "

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On the Tumble:

One at 15c a yard		Worth 25c	One at 62c a yard		worth 75c
" 37c "		" 50c	" 67c "		" 80c
" 50c "		" 62c	" 87c "		" $1.00
" 58c "		" 67c	Napkins to match in prices and quality.		

Big Drive in Towels:

A Towel at 10c	Worth 15c	A Towel at 20c	Worth 30c
" 17c	" 25c	" 25c	" 37c

Tremendous Bargains in Dress Goods:

10 pieces Illuminated Beiges	50c.	Marked down from 75c
10 " Pin Head Checks	87 1-2c.	" " " $1.00
10 " Pin Head Checks	15c.	" " " 25c
10 " Striped Goods	20c.	" " " 30c
1,500 yards Silk and Wool Checks	12c.	" " " 25c

Big Line BLACK CASHMERES:

One at 50c.	Marked down from 62 1-2	One at 87 1-2c.	Marked down from $1.00
" 65c.	" " " 75c	" $1.12 1-2c.	" " " $1.25
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Sample orders by mail solicited and promptly answered.

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—IN—

DRY GOODS!

—AT—

C. M. Boynton's!

His special sale for the next two weeks will be large purchases of seasonable goods from A. T. Stewart & Co's closing out sale. Some $2,000 worth of goods purchased at half price for cash, all to be sold at reduced prices.

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There will be no limit; every purchaser can have any amount of goods they wish, at reduced prices, to close any lot. No one will be urged to buy, but all are kindly invited to examine our bargains.

Make early visits for bargains, as we shall close lots daily.

N. B. We send goods and samples by mail when desired and they can be returned if not satisfactory.

Remember this sale is at

—C. M. BOYNTON'S,—

Opposite Depot St., Central Block, **CONCORD, N. H.**
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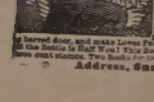
THE MYSTERY OF

LOVE MAKING SOLVED

Or an Easy Road to Marriage.



These in Love will find in this book simple secrets always found sure to win the heart of any to be married. Many Accidents Occur the first day married should know. If a wife is neglected by her wayward Husband this Book will explain to her how to regain him to his Love. Important Failures to Win the object of your Choice is Impossible. We have remedied every country so all these Secrets of Love Making. They will reunite millions of Hearts and Hands to be United in Marriage. Whatever things required only to Married People can find in this Book. If your Love is not returned, or Parents or Friends object to your Choice in Love, this Book will open wide Vexations—Old Maids can bring you Good Fortune—don't let the Bottle is Half Wo! This Book sent by Mail for 50c by mail for 50 Three cent stamps—Two Books for 90 cts—Five two cent stamps. Two Books for 90 cts—Five Books for $1.00. Three Books for $1.50.

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Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller

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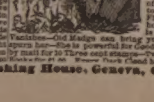

You can now tell your own Fortune—what will happen you—how to Win the Heart you desire—Read your destiny—how to Interpret any Dream that you may have—when Your Husband or Wife will be Married—Your Lucky Days—when Fortune you will Fail—your Lucky Days—what you will Succeed in—Your Ambitions in Doing—whether your Children will be Happy—about your Children—Whether you will be Married—Courting in Love—whether you will be Happy—about your Children—Whether you will be Rich—Seven Signs of Speedy Marriage—Secrets to Conceal Beauty—what Jewels Find Hidden Treasures—how to Control others—Old Madge's Answers—Prophetic Dream Book—Old Madge's Oracle—Madge's Letters—Prophetic Answers—Old Madge can bring you Good Fortune—don't let the Bottle is Half Wo! This Book sent by Mail for 50c by mail for 50 Three cent stamps—Two Books for 90 cts—Five two cent stamps. Two Books for 90 cts—Five Books for $1.00. Three Books for $1.50.

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In New England, and our Stock has Never Been Equalled in the State. Everything New and Novel the market affords, in

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As we realize the fact that we have a trade to establish, we shall not make the mistake of marking our goods too high.

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Transient advertisements as follows: Houses Land or other property Wanted, or For Sale or Hire; Help Wanted; Situations Wanted; Property Lost or Found; Board or Rooms Wanted or To Let, will be inserted in this column at the rate of ONE HALF OF ONE CENT PER WORD for each insertion, if paid in advance.

Local notices will be published among the reading matter under any town for one cent per word each week. Nothing published for less than 25 cents.

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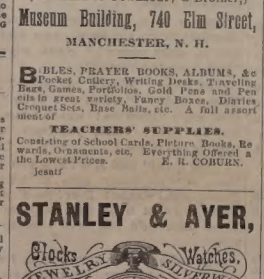

CONCORD, N. H.
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Insert with little finger a particle into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

CREAM BALM

Causes healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membranes from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Great relief realized by a few applications.

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A thorough treatment cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.

Unequaled for colds in the head.

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Ely's Cream Balm HAS COMPLETELY CURED MY Catarrh, of which I have been afflicted over ten years, after trying almost every remedy recommended, hoping to find relief. ELIJAH ANDREWS, Wholesale Dealer in Boots and Shoes, 140 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

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TRY ONE

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We claim that it is the only Butter-Worker which will certainly, quickly and easily, take out all the buttermilk, and which does not and cannot injure the grain of the butter. It works in salt as easily and as well.

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Five sizes made for Family Dairies. Four sizes for Factory use. All our goods are of perfect stock and the best workmanship. They are strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. They continue to be the Standard Churns of the Country.

Inquire of the nearest dealer in such goods for a "Blanchard Butter-Working," or a genuine "Blanchard Churn," and if he has none on hand, send postal for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

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It will pay you. How? Send to the subscriber and have them made into a

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C. W. WADLEICH,
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New Store.

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S. BLOOD'S.

SPRING STYLES IN

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Oil Cloths, and Straw Mattings, Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Fixtures, China, Band Sets, Student Lamps and Chamberliers, Table Cutlery and Plated Ware, Pictures Frames, Mirrors, Moulding, Clothes, Scroll Saws, Designs, Impression Paper, &c., Fancy Wood Moldings and Frames, Perforated and Gilt Paper, Embossed Pictures, Shell and Tissue Paper, Splints, Dolls, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.

Thankful to our numerous customers for their very liberal patronage in the past, we hope by strict attention to the interests of our patrons, to receive a continuance of their esteemed favors. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

S. BLOOD, New Opera House Block,
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FOR SALE.

One Double Covered Carriage, One Covered Piano Box Buggy, One Light Driving Buggy, nearly new, one Dump Cart and one Work Harness, at very reasonable prices. Enquire of CHARLES J. GOULD,
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BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 Stops 10 Set Reeds Only $90. PIANOS $125 up. Rare holiday Inducements Ready. Write or Call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J. my5jely

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